

Second Man

Brother, I have been selling
molasses
in the town for the last
twenty-four
years,—do you think I cannot
under-
stand what you say ?

[They go out.]

Sanyasi

What are you doing, my
child ?

Vasanti

I am looking at your broad
palm,
father. My hand is a little
bird that
finds its nest here. Your
palm is
great, like the great earth
which holds
all. These lines are the
rivers, and
these are hills.

[Puts her cheek upon it.]

Sanyasi

Your touch is soft, my
daughter,
like the touch of sleep. It
seems to